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The

MISSILE

PHS

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THE MISSILE

THE WINDS OF LIFE.

By Elizabeth Ellis.

I walked beside the road at parting day,
When Autumn winds were blowing drearily,
And heard the voice of winter in the air;
My steps were slow and taken wearily.

Because my head was bowed and eye cast down,
The dusty road encompassed all my view;
With mouldy leaves and withered grasses there,
A bleak and cheerless world was all I knew.

I raised my eyes and stopped in wonder, held
By all the glory that I saw around;
The whirling, dancing leaves made me forget
That I had heard an ominous wintry sound.

My heart was glad as now I gazed about
And saw the flaming splendor of the trees;
The golden wonder of the leaves and flowers,
Beneath a sky as bright as all of these.

And oh, I thought, it is the way with life—
We lift our eyes and see that all is good;
But if we keep our eyes upon the dust,
Its blustering winds are never understood.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

By Thomas Harding.

"Jack," asked Henry, "why is it that you are so good at practice, but never seem to accomplish anything in a game?"

This inquiry was what had set Jack Hollaway thinking on his way to the dormitory from the game with Hampton College. This game had been lost by his costly fumble in the last quarter. This question kept him from study that night, and also kept him awake a long while.

That night he gave himself more serious consideration than he had ever done in his life. He tried to figure out the reason for his lack of fight in a game. No reason was apparent for it. Jack was a big fellow, standing about six feet, and weighing about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. There was not an ounce of fat on his body, and he was in perfect condition.

His father had been to Courtland Hall before him, and had established an athletic record there that was still pointed out with pride by the college officials. His father had played football there for three years, and had been captain two of those years.

This made his question all the harder to solve, since he had all that could be wished in family tra-

dition. The next day, however, he found his trouble. He had just entered the locker room after practice when he heard his name mentioned in such a contemptuous voice that it brought him up as short as if some one had suddenly hit him. Without meaning to be an eavesdropper, he stopped and listened.

The adage that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves was fully proved this time. In the voice of the speaker he recognized Bill Roberts, who was the other candidate for half-back, the position which he played. When the other man spoke, he recognized Henry Holland, whose words the day before had given him so much food for thought.

"Halloway," Roberts was saying, "has a yellow streak up his back a yard wide. That is the reason, if you ask me, why he never accomplishes anything in a game. Why, a man who will drop flat to the ground when he sees he is going to be tackled hard should not be allowed to play on a football team."

"Oh, I wouldn't rub it in so hard if I were you," said Henry. "He may have stumbled instead of dropping down as you suggest."

"Stumble nothing. I was on the sidelines directly opposite him, and, if I did have one eye closed up and bandaged, I saw his face turn white when that end started to tackle him. It was just a plain case of 'yellow,' I tell you."

"You may be right, but I don't see where he gets it from. His father was one of the nerviest players Courtland ever had, according to coach. If he is 'yellow,' I hope he is soon cured of it, because we will need all the strength we have in the game against Almeda, two weeks from today."

After hearing this, Jack turned away, took his shower, and went slowly back to his room. He knew then that Roberts was right.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "Roberts hit the nail on the head. He solved the question without trouble. Henry doesn't know it, but Roberts and I know that I lay down scared to death. I guess I am 'yellow,' but I'll stick to practice to train the other fellows who are not."

Jack was as good as his word. He stuck to practice and outshone all the rest, as usual. That week there was another game in which he was started on account of the fine showing he had made at practice. He was withdrawn after the first two plays, however, because of his evident lack of nerve, and

Roberts was sent in in his place. This game Courtland won.

There was only a week left before the big Almeda game. During this week the coach gave the team stiff workouts until the day before the game. On this day he gave them only a light signal practice, because he didn't want any injured players to start in this big game.

Almeda was the ancient rival of Courtland, and had won all the games she had played with her, except one. This was the one in which Jack Holloway's father was captain of the Courtland team. This gave Almeda five victories to Courtland's one, for the two colleges played only once every five years. This year Courtland had high hopes of a victory, because they had the strongest team they had had in many years.

When the day for the game came, both teams were in splendid fighting trim, and they scampered up and down the side-lines like so many colts. When the whistle blew for the beginning of the game, both teams lined up, anxious to go.

Almeda's captain kicked the ball to Courtland's ten-yard line, where Roberts received it and started up the field, but got no further than his thirty-yard line. From here the ball was carried to a first down, and from that began a rapid advance up the field, until it was on Almeda's twenty-yard line, where

Courtland was held for downs. From then on it became a punting game, neither side having any advantage until the last part of the first half, when Roberts sprained an ankle, and had to be taken from the game.

The coach then sent Jack in, and, through his lack of nerve to tackle, Almeda forced over a touchdown. The goal was not kicked, however, and the score stood six to nothing at the end of the half.

When Halloway came in, the coach berated him roundly for his cowardice, and reminded him of what his father had accomplished before him.

"If your dad were here, and had seen you fail to tackle that man, he would have disowned you," the coach told him. "A fine football player you make, you big hulk. You had better go home and ask your mother to discharge her maid. You would make a better one than the one she has now, I bet. If I had another man to put in your place, you would never wear that uniform again. There's the whistle. Get in there and fight, and remember that your dad used to eat them alive!"

Jack went in then, seeing red. He was "yellow," but he wouldn't stand for any one to call him a coward in public. He gritted his teeth and muttered, "I'll show 'em all whether I am 'yellow' or not.

As a coach, Neale would make a good political speaker."

On the first play he was spiked in the chest, but this just served to madden him. After that he played like a demon. Courtland held Almeda for downs, and began a slow march up the field. At the beginning of the last quarter, the ball was Courtland's on Almeda's thirty-yard line. The ball was slowly forced toward the goal. With only five minutes of play left, and on Courtland's third down, Jack's number was called, the ball was snapped to him, and he made a terrific spurt with the ball, and carried it to the six-yard line before being tackled. When he was tackled, one of his eyes was badly hurt, but he stayed in the game. Almeda's line held firm, and it took three downs to force the ball to the one-yard line. Jack forced the ball over, but was knocked out for a while. This left the score six-all. When he came to, he was allowed the try for goal, with but thirty seconds of play left.

The center passed the ball about a yard short for a drop-kick, but Jack Halloway swooped forward, stooped, picked up the ball, and plunged through the whole of the opposing line for the goal just as a huge tackle hit him.

When he came to, Neale and Roberts were bending over him, congratulating him. Roberts told

him what he had said about him in the locker room, and apologized for it. Neale began to apologize for the rough talk he had given him at the end of the first half, but Jack waved them both off and said, "I heard you that evening in the locker room, Roberts, and that woke me up as to what the matter was with me. I want to thank you both, for you made me good and mad, and getting me mad cured me of my yellow streak."

METAPHORS.

PORTRAITS OF TREES IN WINTER.

By Powell Lum.

On a toneless day
The black skeleton trees
Scratch with long lean bony fingers
The bare sullen back
Of the skies.

NIGHT DOG.

By Powell Lum.

The night is dark—
A dog's shrill bark
Cuts through the air
Like the fangs of a bear.
Or a slimy green shark
Which cuts through the water.

FAME.

By Lucy S. Gilliam.

As rain, dancing, pattering,
Drops on roofs, clattering;
So we hear the rich applause
When some great man has given pause
To his eloquence.

THE NIGHT.

By Horace Perkins.

The gray night softly steals
From some mysterious land
Around, like a timid mouse,
In search of something grand.
When the sun announces the birth of a day,
Like a frightened mouse, it scampers away.

A ROCK.

By Meredith Pond.

A rock
On the verge
Of a cool green sea
Is like a mole on a
Maiden's face.

THE BROOK.

By Frances Manson.

Just as a playful child delighted,
Loitured home from a busy day;
Recounting to himself, excited,
Strange adventures on the way.

Home to his mother who, worried, paces
Back and forth with anxious mien;
To the door and back she races,
Till her darling child is seen.

So happy, bright, and sparkling along,
Bobbing merrily o'er the lea,
The brooklet, filled with laughing song,
Runs to the arms of its mother sea.

THE DERRICK.

By John Dameron.

The silent grim monster
Ever reaching silently down
To things so lowly and desolate,
Entirely forgotten by fate,
And lifting them to a higher plane,
Is like the tender hand of God
Ever reaching to souls who
Under foot have been trod
And lifting them from their sins.

THE "SLUSH FUND" OF THE VALEDICTORIAN.

By Bernard Bain.

How many times have we gone to commencement exercises, heard the main speaker, and seen the medals and "sheep-skins" awarded amid a rippling hand-clapping. Now comes a scraping of chairs and the valedictorian steps forward. A thunder of applause echoes through the building. Then he begins.

We hear the same old thing over and over. How their heartstrings are torn at the departure from those beloved walls, which have sheltered them for four short years. Now must they enter the cold, cold, heartless world. Tears spring into his eyes, his voice chokes, "and now, dear old school, farewell."

Another thunder of applause bursts forth as he takes his seat. The good minister pronounces the

benediction and the whole class rush away, thankful that they can at last leave that place. All heartstrings and fond remembrances are forgotten.

Why doesn't somebody have the "spunk" to stand up before a thousand faces and say something like this?

"Well, folks, I've looked forward to this for six years. It has been tough work, and I've wanted to quit, but Maw and Paw wouldn't let me. I'm so glad that I am going to leave this school that I could shout. My only regret is that I must stay here about five more minutes. I'm going to stop now, so we can leave. Hope I'll never see these walls again."

Again we ask, why doesn't somebody do this? Why can't we go through life with nothing but the truth? For the simple reason that, if we did, the people would kick us sky-high. We are peculiar.

TO A TELEGRAPH POST.

By Honoria Moomaw.

You are standing tall today in the misty rain,
You over here and there in a long wide train,
And though you cling to the earth for awhile, your eyes
Are turned, and your blackened face is watching the skies.

You standing there hear the songs and the notes of the race,
And you smile at these small little songs and turn up your face—
You over here and there in a long wide train—
You and you who stand tall in the misty rain.

THE OLD BLUE HOUSE INN.

By James Tison.

On a dark and stormy night in November the Charleston stage rumbled into the yard of The Old Blue House Inn, and came to a halt before the weatherbeaten door. The driver, clad in a long oil coat and carrying a lantern, got down from his seat, and, buttoning his coat tightly against the wind and rain, waded to the door where he rapped loudly. The inmates of the gloomy old structure evidently had retired for the night, or could not hear the driver above the moaning of the wind and rain about the eaves. It was several minutes before a light appeared in an upper window, accompanied by a towseled head, whose owner inquired what was wanted below.

“A shelter for myself and two

o’ my passengers,” called out the driver. “It’s a fine night to keep a body standing on the outside. Can’t you make out like you was goin’ to let us in?”

A few minutes later the door was cautiously opened, and a little dark-faced man peered out into the night. His face wore a crafty expression, and he appeared to be a foreigner, although it was not apparent in his speech.

“You all want to put up for the night?” he asked in a thin voice. “It ain’t often that folks stop here on the way to town, so ye won’t find things to be the best. I’ll put ye up, though, is ye’ll take such as I can give ye. How come you ain’t makin’ it on into town?” he asked the driver, meanwhile opening the

door and offering a large umbrella to shelter the passengers up the steps.

"The horses are about done for," replied the driver. "And it ain't possible to make it into town on a night like this without same trouble. It's a wonder we managed to get this far. Well, I'm goin' to put these horses in the barn, and start out before day in the morning so as I'll be in town by ten o'clock anyway, even if the roads is bad."

Then turning to the two passengers he helped them up the steps, and again reminded them to be ready for an early start the next morning.

The little innkeeper escorted the passengers into the house to a blazing fire, which his wife had kindled, meanwhile peeping eagerly into their faces and scrutinizing them closely. One of the passengers was an elderly gentleman with an array of bundles and wraps, and he was accompanied by a woman who appeared to be his wife. They were served with some hot drink by the innkeeper's wife, a shrunken little woman dressed in black, and were then conducted, by way of a creaking flight of steps, to a dingy room containing heavy old furniture and a freshly made bed. From the musty smell in the room it was apparent that it had not been occupied for a

long time. The little woman then returned to her husband, and putting the stage driver away for the night, they sat before the fire until a late hour mumbling together in low tones. The elderly lady upstairs appeared quite nervous at her strange surroundings, and was deploring the fact that she and her husband had not reached Charleston.

"James, I cannot help feeling nervous about spending the night among strangers when you have such a sum of money with you. If we could possibly have gotten to Charleston where we could have put the money safely away, I could feel safe, but I know I shall not rest in this gloomy house. Every object in it is so dark and dreary, and that man and his wife are so queer and evil looking, that I cannot control my nervous feelings."

"My dear, calm yourself and come to bed. You should not stand there in this damp air. I have securely fastened all the doors, and my money cannot possibly be touched. We are only unfortunate in having started from home this morning, but we start early, so come and rest that you may be prepared to continue the journey tomorrow."

Replying thus he was soon lost in sleep. His wife, however, continued to glance nervously about the room, and spent some time in

making sure that the doors and windows were secure before extinguishing the light and going to bed. She evidently quieted her fears, though, and was soon sleeping soundly.

The storm had meanwhile increased in violence, and the moaning of the wind and swish of the rain were the only sounds audible in the darkness of the house. One might even have thought the place deserted, for there were no sounds of life within. However, an observer would have been sadly deceived, for, in occasional flashes of lightning, one would have seen two dark figures silently gliding along the stairs to the floor above. They were evidently familiar with the house, for not once did they step on a creaking step or stumble as they made their way up the uneven stairs. At the top they paused and appeared to listen attentively before passing on into the darkness of the hall. Several minutes passed in which not a sound could be heard to betray their presence. Then a grating sound came from the darkness of the hall, a key turned cautiously in a lock, and a door creaked slightly as it was opened. Everything then remained perfectly still, and one might even have thought the two figures had gone on down the hall, when a sudden flash of lightning illumined the room beyond. Two silent figures

could then be seen gliding across the room, and, strange to say, it was the same in which the two passengers of the stage had been put to sleep. Another flash revealed the figures standing on either side of the bed, and sure enough the two passengers were there, apparently unconscious of their presence. In the darkness that followed a heavy thud came from the room, followed by several muffled groans; then all was as quiet as before. The figures then made two trips down the stairs, each time carrying a dark bundle between them. After the second trip they did not return, and the house became as quiet as a tomb again, not a sound or movement disturbing the quiet until morning.

The innkeeper and his wife were up early, and the table was ready for breakfast when the stage driver appeared. Not seeing his two passengers at the table, he thought that they had neglected to get ready in time, so he asked the innkeeper to see if they were ready. The innkeeper readily complied with his wish, and soon reappeared from his mission.

"The gentleman says to tell ye that his wife seems to have been took sick in the night, so he is afraid to take her out so soon in the morning. I told him I could get him a horse to take him into town later on, so he says to let ye

go on without him. My old nag will get him there all right by dinner anyway, if he don't start too late, so, brother, I reckon you'll have to take the ride by yourself if you still be hankering after starting right off."

The driver, quite content to make the rest of the journey without having to bother with a fussy old man and woman, was soon hurried off by the old innkeeper and his wife, who appeared quite relieved at his departure. The morning wore on, and no sign of any preparations for the departure of the other two guests was noticeable. In reality they were doomed to spend many more days within that mysterious old house, for the night before a murder had been done by two mysterious figures, and the luckless victims had been no other than the two passengers of the stage, who had stopped for the night.

Several years passed and the mysterious disappearance of a wealthy farmer and his wife, while

on their way to the city of Charleston, remained a deep and unfathomable mystery to every one. An old innkeeper and his wife, at whose inn they were last seen by a certain stage driver, were at first suspected of having had a part in their disappearance, but were finally acquitted on account of lack of evidence against them. This old couple had long since left that part of the country, when some new master of The Old Blue House Inn came upon a concealed trap-door in the floor of the cellar, while repairing the dilapidated old house. When opened, this door disclosed a pit below the cellar floor, and in this pit were several human skeletons. Two of the skeletons were identified by certain papers found in their worm-eaten clothing, and were found to have once been the luckless farmer and his wife.

This old house still stands by the side of the road, and is still pointed out as the house whose owner murdered and robbed his guests and then deposited their bodies in a pit in his cellar.

TWO POEMS.

By Ruth Akerman.

THE STABLE BOY TO THE NEW HAND.

I like good tools ; my sharp-edged stiff new brooms
Reach into corners better than the old.
You sweep the stalls when I've raked out the straw.
I wonder how this innocent leads his class?
He's two years older'n me and never learned
To hold a broom. The green unseasoned stick!
You're working, boy, not playing dominoes!
The stable-cleaning's up to you and me,
To keep these horses healthy. Do it right!
What do you learn in High School if you can't
Sweep all the corners clean?

ZOE.

My brother may talk with Socrates,
My father meets wise men;
Spinning, I sit in women's rooms,
Where books come not, nor pen.

Pale as a thwarted blade of wheat,
Beneath a stone pressed low,
My mind yet struggles vainly toward
The light I may not know.

I sit in the rooms that prison me;
My thought may not break bars.
How can I share your freedom, Greece?
How can I search the stars?

MY SCHOOL FIRST.

By Frances Moon.

I have wondered since I visited a nearby high school, what really made school spirit?

This school went about the lessons in the usual way. No disorder, no discontented looking faces. The day I happened to be present was the day set aside in which every member who expected to vote must pay a poll tax.

Everywhere were bills, signs and posters of the Democratic and Republican parties. In some of the rooms up and down the halls, boys and girls who had real ideas about the matter were making speeches for their own particular candidate. No one seemed bashful or unimportant. They all took part with interest and enthusiasm.

At recess I was taken into a four-room cottage on the school grounds. It was furnished in the best of taste, artistically arranged with the most modern furniture. It looked like the home of a bride. I was charmed and quite surprised when I was told that the teachers and pupils had furnished it, and both came here whenever they chose to read, cook, sew and entertain visitors.

I also noticed about six girls, very nicely dressed, such as becomes a school girl, and also two

foreign-looking girls whose dress and general appearance helped to give the effect of their address. These girls were gathered around a group of boys very earnestly talking over some plan for a Hallowe'en party for the seniors, each having some important part in the matter.

Another group was in the dining room giving one of the teacher a birthday celebration. I did not hear an angry or cross word from teacher or pupil the whole day. I asked my companion if it was so always. She looked surprised and said that all loved their school and tried to make it the best, inside and out.

My mind wandered back to our own high school which we all love because we realize that many of the happy days of our life are being spent there.

I wondered if the pupils and teachers appreciated each other as they should. After all I feel that school spirit contains the love and comradeship of each and every pupil and teacher for the other—their willingness to pull together—regardless of rank or nationality.

It is true that this school is not as large as our own, nor so handsome and well equipt. The boys and girls are not as well dressed perhaps, but they have the same bright minds and eager faces that you find on school boys and girls the world over, with the attitude of "My School First."

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

By Frank Temple.

Dollars, and dangers, and hours of ease
Barter, and bitterness, profits achieved—
Young man, there are greater than these!

Pulse-beat and passion and vanity to please—
Laughter and languor and lips that deceive—
Young man, there are greater than these!

Service and sacrifice, hearth fire's decrees,
Twilight and love-light and eyes that believe—
Young man, what could be greater than these?

COUNTER FITS.

By Bernard Bain.

Jack Jones and I blew into Creekville, down in the eastern part of Arizona, with a suitcase full of Oriental Magnolia Bulbs, a canary bird (wrapped up in cage), ten dollars and a sore toe. I had the toe. The others were half mine.

We had secured the ten dollars in Phlopstown the day before, by popular subscription, trying to raise enough money to launch a treasure seeking expedition. When the town was a few miles behind, we changed our plans.

The Oriental Magnolia Bulbs were made out of brown clay and three could be secured for the small sum of twenty-five cents. They were guaranteed to bloom in

two weeks, but by that time we were out of striking distance. At the time, however, they were a white elephant on our hands.

We should have had two canaries, but one died. We had had them for a year and were really attached to them, strange to say, but many things are strange. The other one had died about a week ago and his mate had not ceased to mourn for him. She had chirped but three times since his death.

We located the only hotel and paid two dollars for a room. We left the canary with the clerk, as we didn't like to leave it in a room alone. Guess we looked pretty foolish. After washing up we

went down into the two-by-four lobby. Genesis, the porter, was sweeping and keeping time by chewing a package of gum. We had not been there long when he said:

"Boss, dat your all's boid?"

We admitted the fact.

"He doan sing much, do he?"

"No," I replied, "he misses companionship."

"Whose dat? One of you all's friends?"

I choked back a laugh and replied, "No, I mean he lacks company."

"Oh, yes sah, yes sah, certainly, yes sah, yes sah."

"You see," I continued, "we travel around so much that the continuous change probably caused this bird's mate to die. As soon as we get settled in one place, we have to move on."

"Yes sah. Just time you stationary yourself, you mean."

We gave up in desperation and walked out to get a ground floor view of the burg.

That place was as dead as King Tut. I was willing to bet the Woolworth Building against a Canadian dime that there wasn't fifteen cents in the town.

"Jack," I said on the way back, "when does the next train leave headed due North, South, East or West?"

"I wish I knew, Jim. Accord-

ing to my mind a train shouldn't stop here. Why this is the—What the —! Oh, boy, here's where we add a few assets to our resources. Talk about luck!"

I looked and rejoiced. There, on a fence was a poster and that poster meant life to us. It told that part of the world that passed by that Creekville would hold a county fair for two days, and the opening day would be tomorrow.

We fairly ran back to the hotel and astonished the natives by taking the steps three at a time. I even forgot my sore toe in the rush. We dragged our suitcase of magnolia bulbs out and began to count them. We had exactly four hundred and eighty-nine. At three for a quarter they would net us forty dollars and seventy-five cents. Fortune was smiling at last. I began an Indian war dance and ended with an Indian war whoop when I stumped my toe on the bedpost. Gosh, I can feel it now. What I said for the next forty-two minutes doesn't bear repeating.

Jack went out that night and parted with five dollars for the privilege of selling the bulbs at the fair. On the way back he relieved somebody's fern of a few sprays and plucked a few blooms from a begonia. We stuck the begonia blooms in the fern and stuck the fern in two bulbs. We

put each of these in a gold-fish bowl filled with water.

After paying for our breakfast the next morning we found that one dollar and twenty cents was left from our treasure fund.

We got to what was supposed to be a fair at nine o'clock. Six plow horses were practicing for the big race. The merry-go-round, the only attraction on the ground, was just starting up. The lone hot dog stand was frying up its dinner supply. The country people were just coming in, preparing to have a good time.

They came to spend money and we were going to help them. I located myself at one end of the grounds and Jack at the other. If one missed anybody, the other one would have him.

By dinner we had sold over half of the bulbs. Then everybody stopped to watch a tug-of-war between the married and single men. The single ones would have won if the rope hadn't broken.

Along about four o'clock a hayseed came up and held his mouth open while I explained the wonders of the Oriental Magnolia Bulbs. I made the usual offer, three bulbs, one pink, one red and one white, all for twenty-five cents. One quarter for the eighth wonder of the world. Several bit and the crowd moved on, all except the country boy. There was no doubt

about him being from the country. At last he said:

"How much are them?"

"Three for only twenty-five cents. Guaranteed to bloom in two weeks. All they need is a jar of water. How many?"

He pondered a while, then reached down in his pocket and pulled out a sock. He dug into this and pulled out a tightly rolled ten-dollar bill.

"Gimme three," he said.

I picked out three of the biggest and handed them to him, together with his change. He took both and his leave. I must admit that my conscience hurt me a little.

I had six left when a flashily dressed man came up and pulled out a roll of bills as big as my wrist and peeled off a ten spot.

"Let me have three," he said.

I let him.

The other three were soon disposed of, and I limped towards Jack. Just as I saw him, he was handing the country boy some bulbs and change. I yelled and started after him. Somebody stepped on my toe and that ended me. The hayseed was soon lost in the crowd.

When I reached Jack, I said: "Didn't that boy give you a ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes, why?"

"Why, the dickens," I yelled, "did a city swell buy some bulbs

and give you a ten spot?"

"Yes, why?"

I told him why. It took us less than five minutes to decide on our course.

I left for town at a record-breaking speed despite my sore toe. My puffing body drew up in front of the bank, giving a very good reproduction of a steam engine. It was closed. I made all haste to the hotel and found Genesis still sweeping and chewing.

"Where is the bank cashier?" I hollered.

Genesis' eyes opened as did his mouth. "Wh— what's der matter?"

"None of your business, where is he?"

"Dar now, down got oxcited. Dar he am ober dar. Done just got from der far."

I lost no time in getting to him. I handed him the bills. It took two minutes to reach a decision.

"Yes," he said, "they are counterfeit."

I jerked them out of his hands and went up the steps like a cyclone, almost breaking the door as I opened it. Then I took a gray beard out of our valise. I opened a box of powder, poured it on my hair and rubbed it in thoroughly. I took a cane, stuck the beard in my pocket and went down stairs. Genesis stared at me awe-stricken.

"Why your alls hav done—"

"Shut up," I said, as I jerked the canary off the counter. The bird was so surprised that she chirped in fright.

"Lands sake, she done sunged," I heard Genesis say as I left.

I had little trouble finding Jack, luckily. As it was growing dark, we had to work quickly. Jack had been following the country boy and he kept him in sight while we changed coats. I withdrew into a corner and put on my beard. Leaning heavily on my cane, I walked out into the crowd, with the canary bird in my hand. Then I started following the country boy.

As soon as he passed a secluded spot I caught up with him and tapped lightly on his shoulder. He looked relieved when he saw that it was only an old man.

"Say, son," I began in a high pitched voice: "Let me sell you this beautiful canary. A very good bird for only a dollar. I am just advertising for the United Canary Fanciers."

"Got change for a ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes, I think so; let me see."

I reached for my wallet and he took a ten spot from his pocket and handed it to me. I took it, dropped my cane, stuck my hand in my pocket and the outline of a pistol was visible.

"Stick 'em up," I said, "or I'll shoot."

He hesitated a minute and stretched his arms skyward.

"Now," I said, "I have the goods on you. You tried to pass a counterfeit bill on me, a serious offence. In fact, you passed three," I jerked off my beard. "Now for fifty dollars I'll forget all about it. All in

change and dollar bills."

He tried to argue, but I had the most persuasive argument. He counted out fifty dollars and left in a hurry.

I then realized that my toe was hurting.

MIDNIGHT.

By J. Leon Cantor.

It is midnight,
The midnight of a great city
With its myriad of garish lights,
Its many curious and incongruous activities.

My imagination is stirred
By the beauty of these hours of supposed rest.
Grim walls,
With dimpled children sleeping
Behind them. Places of merrymaking
Athrob with music and dazzling
With jets of incandescent light.

So the world goes on,
Unaware of its beauty and splendor,
When mankind is asleep
To rest his burdened cares and mind,
Fie on you, who can't see beauty!

ON TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

By Alice Wicker.

If a young boy could give you his version of this phrase, it would probably be very different from mine. The best way of illustrating the child's version is to imagine a little boy coming home from school, half of his books gone, his cap lost, his hair untidy, his clothes torn and dirty from dust, and frequently with the so-called black eye, but, back of all this, he has a triumphant smile in his remaining good eye, and his voice is mingled with joy and pain. The young mother, so very anxious to teach her son to follow the right path, meets him at the door, and is greeted by the well-known, "I beat 'im, and I ain't hurt neither." Then his mother takes him aside, and carefully explains that her little son should not return a blow, but should offer the other cheek, literally return good for evil. On account of the youth of her son, she omits the exception which makes us stand up for our rights. The winner cannot, for the life of himself, see why he shouldn't fight; all boys do, and he bets Napoleon didn't offer the other cheek. All the while he is arguing his point of view, his mother is inwardly rejoicing that her little son was triumphant over her neighbor's child.

Such is the child's version. He will learn his lesson by experience. We, who have added a few more years of experience to our life, should realize more and more each day the necessity of complying with these few words which mean a great deal. To me, it seems that school children, especially, should take care that their actions do not betray their meaning. In the long run, you make more friends, whereas if you return an evil act, you are only making a bad impression of yourself among others. One thing is certain: if this statement hadn't been intended to bring peace and good-will with your fellow-man, it would never have been in the Bible. Of course, it is hard, and sometimes it goes against our grain, as we say, but usually we come out with clean conscience, and in our hearts we feel triumphant. Turning the other cheek frequently makes the other fellow feel cheap, and nine times out of ten, he will learn his lesson in one or two experiences. Also, we must not forget that, although actions speak louder than words, the latter causes just as much trouble as the former, but at the same time can bring just as much satisfaction in turning the other cheek. This subject is not new; many have written on it, but I have merely expressed my views as I see them. It is certain, though, that as long as the world remains, little boys will black their playmates' eyes, and grown people will ignore the little phrase, "Turning the other cheek."

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

By Margaret Heinemann.

Did you ever think what a hideous creature,
The lowest of all of God's folk of nature,
Is the creepy, crawly caterpillar?

He crawls along his leisurely way,
As if he had nothing to do all day,
But to be a lord of his own delight.

At last he weaves with thinnest thread
A cozy cocoon to lay his head,
And covers up tight for a long, long rest.

When at last he awakes and appears in view,
We behold a creature all bright, all new.
It is a gorgeous butterfly!

God gives this beautiful thing to man
To bring him whatever joy it can;
To bring him joy and peace and light.

THE JEWELRY THIEF.

By John Barrett.

As Bill Wilson was strolling down Main Street, he passed by the house of his friend, Roger Mason, and was attracted by a light in his window. Bill was struck with a desire to see Roger, and to see what case he could be working on now. He rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber of his friend. Roger greeted him with a few words, and waved him to an armchair. He handed him his cigar case, and they both lighted cigars and began smoking. After a few moments of silence, Bill opened the conversation.

"Well, Roger," he said, "have you any interesting cases on hand now?"

"I have just started upon one which I think will prove very interesting," replied Roger.

He handed Bill a note. "I just received this today," he said. "Read it."

Bill took the note and read. "You will receive a call this evening at seven o'clock. I have a mystery for you to solve."

The note had no name or address.

"Well, whom do you suppose it is from?" asked Bill.

"Considering the writing and quality of paper I think the person we have to do with is well to do," said Roger. "It only lacks a few minutes of being time for our visitor and then we'll see."

As he spoke a cab drew up at the door and a lady descended. She came up immediately to the room. She was a middle-aged woman and very handsomely dressed.

"You received my note?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Roger. "Take a seat and let us hear what you have to say. This is my friend and colleague, Bill Wilson. Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I'm Lady Watson, and I've been robbed of my diamonds. I have come to get your aid and advice."

"Well, madam," said Roger, "when did you last have your diamonds?"

"I wore them to a ball last Friday night, and had them when I came home."

"Did any one accompany you home?"

"Yes, I met a gentleman at the ball, and he brought me home."

"What is this gentleman's name, and where does he live?" asked Roger.

"He gave me his name as Count de Mille and his address as 247 E. Madison Street."

"Very well," said Roger. "If you will call again day after tomorrow, I will tell you what I have found out. And if you" (addressing himself to Bill) "will call tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock, I would like to talk with you a little about this matter."

At three o'clock Bill was at Roger's room. He knocked, and, receiving no reply, he opened the door and went in. After waiting about five minutes, he heard a step and Roger entered, dressed as a tramp. He passed into another room, and presently came out dressed in ordinary clothes.

"Well," said Bill, anxious to hear the news, "what have you been doing today?"

"I left home early this morning and I've been around asking alms," replied Roger. "I went to 247 E. Madison Street and found myself at a very fine house. I took a good look around the place and then went around to the back to ask for food. The servant had been drinking and was willing to tell anything he knew. I asked him about his master, and he said that he had not

come in yet. He said that he went to a party last night, and, as was his custom on such occasions, he would return next morning. He also told me that his master generally returned with something which must be very valuable, because he was careful not to let any one know where he put it.

"Supplied with this much information and having eaten the food given me, I left the house.

"As I was coming down a side street, I saw a man come out of a gate which opened on the street. He was well dressed, but had his cloak pulled up around his neck, partly concealing his face. He looked around and, seeing no one but me, proceeded down the street. I watched him and was not surprised to see him enter the house I had just left.

"I walked about for a little while, and seeing nothing more of interest, I came back here."

"You have made good observation, Roger," said Bill. "I believe this man must be a professional jewelry thief."

"Exactly so," said Roger. "Now, it's time to get down to work. We must find out where the Count keeps his stolen valuables hidden, and do it this very night; if not, he may dispose of the diamonds we are in search of before we can locate them. In carrying out my plans, I need your help. Are you

willing to help me?"

"You know I'm always too glad to help you in anyway I can," replied Bill.

"Well, then, here are my plans," said Roger.

"I'm going to disguise myself as a beggar, and am going to the house of the Count, and pretend to faint from hunger. About that time, you come along and find me in this condition and cry for help. The servant will come out, and you will get him to take me into the house and give me food. You are to remain outside and close to a window where you can watch me. Upon a signal from me you throw this into the room" (he handed Bill a smoke rocket) "and raise the cry of fire. The cry will be taken up by servants and others, so you can retire to the end of the street, and I'll rejoin you in a little while."

After he had given his instructions, the men departed to carry them out.

Roger came to the house and, completely exhausted, sank down upon the street. About that time, Bill came along and raised a cry for help. The servant came out to see what was the matter. Bill asked him to take the poor man into the house and give him something to eat and drink. They carried Roger into the kitchen, where he had a good view of the large dining room. While the servant

was getting some wine for his patient, Roger heard the Count coming toward the dining room. He made a signal to Bill, who immediately threw in the smoke rocket, and began the cry of fire. The cry was taken up by all the servants, so Bill retired to the street.

The Count, upon hearing the cry, and seeing the smoke in the kitchen, rushed to a picture which hung over the mantle in the dining room and lifted it up, disclosing a small recess in the wall. Roger had not been seen by the Count and still kept out of his sight, but cried out that it was a fake alarm. As soon as he saw the Count replace the picture, he left the house and rejoined Bill.

"Everything is just as I expected," said Roger. "When there was the cry of fire, the Count went to get his valuables from his secret

hiding place, but, upon hearing that it was a false alarm, he did not remove them. Now, let us call on Lady Watson and relate the result of our investigation."

They went at once to Lady Watson's house and told their experience.

"I think," said Roger, "that we had better get out a search warrant right away before the Count has time to catch on to us."

Roger went to police headquarters and obtained a search warrant. He told the officer who was to serve it where he had located the stolen valuables.

The officer evidently was successful, as the headline in the paper the next day was:

"Count de Mille arrested. Valuables belonging to several ladies in town regained, as a result of investigations by Detective Roger Mason."

SUNSET.

By Virginia Spain.

The burning sky is dazzling me;
I turn my eyes upon the lake,
There on the silent waters I see
Still richer splendors rise and break.

O, sky, what loveliness you have
That makes my very soul to thirst;
O, God, I pray thee haste the night
Before Thy blazing heavens burst.

SMILES.

By Gladys Wilkinson.

One of the best gifts which have been showered on man is the power to smile. Yet very few people think of this at all, and go through the world looking as if they could bite a nail in two.

One often hears the old joke that the word smiles is the longest word in the English language, because there is a mile between the first and last letters. Many people only consider this a clever bit of humor and pass it by, but really the word is as large as that in importance.

Think of the people you know. Do you like and admire those who always smile when they greet you, or those who are glum and sour-faced?

It is not an easy thing to smile when discouragement and disappointments stare you in the face, and you are downhearted, but even

though you can only smile with your lips, gradually you can put yourself in it.

The most popular person I know is one who is nearly always smiling. He sees the silver lining to every cloud, and even though much sadness and sorrow have come into his life, he has kept his cheery disposition. He is very popular, and is always winning new friends. "I have always found that it pays to smile" is his motto, and he follows it faithfully.

I have often wondered what kind of a world this would be if all, or at least the majority, would use their power of smiling. It would be a better looking world if nothing else, for what is prettier than a smiling face? Although I try to follow this, I often fail, but I can always "try, try again."

A BALLADE.

By Honoria Moomaw.

To you the maid of the sweetest face,
We come to say that you are the heir
To the throne of May, and to the place
Of the tourney you must ride and bear
The wreath of love and victory there;
You will don your dress of purest white,
And with misty pearls in your golden hair
You shall ride to meet the fairest knight.

Your gown shall be made of the finest lace,
Your gems shall be only those that are rare;
Go to the king and the queen and with grace
Bow low, then step down the crimson stair
To a throne of gold and blue, to where
The sun shall play in your hair with delight,
And where in the misty morning air
You shall ride to meet the fairest knight.

The wreath will be placed in a velvet case
Tied with his colors which you may wear;
He will ride to where you stand in the space
Before your throne; with your white hands fair
Place on his brow the wreath, and ere
He rise, on his brown place a kiss in the height
Of the morning; with two white steeds, if you care,
You shall ride to meet the fairest knight.

L'ENVOY

You, the fairest, are now aware
That you shall crown the one of might,
And thus you know that at Avondare
You shall ride to meet the fairest knight.

HER MISSION

By Ellen Pegram.

The castle stood off far from the street, among a beautiful grove of oak trees, which appeared almost as massive as the Gray Castle. Hitherto at this hour the doors stood ajar, and the windows open, but today the castle looked as if it had never been inhabited. Since the war had been going on, and Captain Gray away, no one ever knew what went on within those gray walls. Five years before, when the Revolutionary war had begun, Captain Gray had been engaged in secret service work. He had been held as a prisoner for the past year. Only a few days before the

news had come of his escape from prison.

On this particular morning Lady Mary sat looking out of the window, which was hardly more than a slit in the thick stone wall of one of the towers. From this window she could see the green world below, and far into the New England hills, which rose in rows against the blue sky. Jane was sitting on a stool at Lady Mary's feet, and she readily understood by the sad look in her mother's eyes, that it was not of the scene her mother was thinking.

"Mother dear," Jane spoke softly, "I have just seen Captain Johnson in the garden."

"Yes," and Lady Mary turned her eyes longingly from the window. "First, open the door, and see that there is no one listening."

Quietly Jane obeyed, and upon her return said to her mother: "There is no one who can overhear us."

Despite this fact, Lady Mary drew Jane close to her mouth and whispered: "The other two children are too young to understand the sadness and trouble which have come to us, and I have tried to keep the burden from you as long as possible."

Jane was thirteen, the oldest of the three children. Lady Mary did not like to burden her child with so

great a trouble, but this seemed her only refuge.

Lady Mary asked: "Did Captain Johnson tell you where your father is hiding?"

Jane hesitated, "I am not sure, but I believe I know. There is a cave in the rocks near the foot of one of the taller hills. I remember father pointing it out to me, and I especially remember the tall bushes surrounding it. Oh, mother! do cheer up a bit; they are not so very likely to find our loved one after all."

Her mother replied: "You are right, Jane. Your father is in the cave, but he is in very great danger. Soldiers are coming tomorrow to search not only our castle, but also the woods, fields, and every likely spot; and how can we send him a plan of escape?"

Jane's face paled, "But he must escape, he must!"

"There is no way, my dear. There is but one old servant left us, and the only reason we have her is that she is almost worthless. Joseph is too small and surely I would be killed if I left the house." Lady Mary sighed then sprang up as if a new idea had popped into her head. "There is no way unless his oldest daughter can do this errand."

"I can do anything for my father's sake," Jane said, trying to appear brave.

The morning moved swiftly, and about noon Jane tramped off with the plan of escape in her hand, and a few bills.

"We plan a surprise attack on the enemy at midnight. When the first signal is given, leave the cave by the left entrance and make for the secret passage. You will come to no harm.

Capt. Johnson."

Soldiers passed her on all sides, but no one paid much attention to the little brown-eyed girl chasing butterflies and picking flowers. Before she had time enough to become greatly frightened, she appeared before the little clump of bushes. Her father heard her approach, and, hastening to peep out, saw his little girl. She laid the package tremblingly into her father's hand, and hastened away. Her heart beat wildly now.

She had gone only a few paces when she ran upon a soldier who eyed her suspiciously at first, but

after seeing the child's smiling face and watching her playful ways, he laughed at his own folly.

Upon Jane's return home she explained to her mother as best she could exactly what had happened. To this her mother replied: "You have done your best; we can only hope."

About eight that night Lady Mary and the three children climbed the steps into the highest tower of the castle.

"What is it, mother?" Jane asked.

"I cannot tell; we can only watch."

Far into the night they kept their vigil. Long before, two little heads had begun to nod, and they lay motionless now. Suddenly against the Southern sky a light appeared.

"What is it?" Jane questioned.

"It is a sign that your father is safe," she said, embracing Jane gently.

THE WAY OF NATURE.

By Edwin R. Carter, Jr.

'Tis sad when you think of the summer gone by,
When you think of the weather that's near;
O, what a gloom comes over the earth,
When the death of the plants is here.

The green will fade into brown, 'tis true,
And the earth will be cold and bare;
All the birds will go where there is no snow—
No winds to chill them there.

But why be so sad o'er the way of nature,
When we know that she will bring
The world back again as it was before,
With the coming of the spring?

BEAUTY.

By Arline Tucker.

What is beauty? We call anything beautiful which gives us pleasure, and that depends as much upon ourselves as upon what is outside us. Perhaps the majority of people find the sea, for instance, most beautiful when it is blue, and especially love the blue Mediterranean, where the skies are clear and blue, and so the sea is blue too. Especially if some one has lived in Italy, as a child, and has to live beside a grey sea when he is grown up, he will think that the grey sea is ugly, and that nothing can be so beautiful as a blue sea.

But suppose a Scotchman who loved Scotland had to go to live in Italy. He might find the blue sea after a little while very uninteresting and with too much of a glare in it, and only when he went home again would he find the sea beautiful. We are made in different ways, and grey skies may be just as beautiful as blue ones if you find the right persons to look at them. Nothing is beautiful or ugly in itself, but "thinking makes it so."

There are many kinds of beauty, some that last and some that wear away. We cannot do much for our-

selves in the way of beauty that does not last. We can do something, however, by means of living healthy, sensible lives.

But there is a deeper kind of beauty which we can indeed make for ourselves if we are wise enough, and to which there will be no end. There is the beauty of a beautiful soul shining through the face like the light streaming

through the windows of a house at night.

By thinking kind thoughts, by keeping in good temper, by being firm in our purposes, we can make our faces a history of what our lives have been.

There is beauty in flowers, in nature, and in everything that one can think of.

INSTINCT.

By Harold Barnes.

Galloping along on my little horse,
Just letting him have his way;
The roads they tangle, twist and cross,
And lead where its hard to say.

I don't know where I'm going to,
I'm letting myself be bossed;
And trusting him to bring me through,
Because I'm completely lost.

There's one thing certain, and that's a fact,
Whenever I chance to roam,
My little horse goes and brings me back—
It's my horse that gets me home.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

SCHOOL SPIRIT IN P. H. S.

Often we speak of school spirit only when we mention a football or a basketball game. Of course, the students must go to a game, yell, and do their part to help the team win, but a pupil may show true school spirit in many little things about school. When a person goes out and sells eighty subscriptions for the Missile, it is not for personal popularity only. This pupil is, of course, proud to know that he has sold eighty Missiles, but it is usually true love for his school and a desire to help put the Missile through that have made him work so faithfully.

Some pupils are always leaders in the various organizations, and these leaders should be the most capable students in the school. One shows real school spirit when he honestly votes for whom he believes the best man, whether he be a friend of the candidate or not. There must be officers of the different organizations and a staff for the school papers, but those pupils who sometimes unconsciously carry on the work of the school mean as much as or more to our school than the few who are chosen leaders. What would we do without those students who write for our paper? It is these who get out the Missile, and not the staff alone, which collects the material.

Every year there are signs of more interest and more of the right

spirit in school. The Junior Page is an idea of this year; while the Clean Up Campaign and other similar organizations have been prompted by a growing love for High School and the desire among the pupils to work together for the good of the school.

There have been quite a number and perhaps true reports about there being many dishonest pupils in the Petersburg High School. Although we have no real honor system, these must be some students who are secretly working to make our school rank higher in honor, for we don't hear as many of these unfortunate remarks as we used to. There must be the right kind of spirit and understanding among the students for a school to be at its best. D. T.

THE SCHOOL SONG.

Our high school has a school song! How good it is to have a song all our own, which really

means something to P. H. S. Other high schools are not ahead of us now in this line. When we go to the games and sing our school song, it will certainly mean more than the other songs and yells. Each graduating class may have its own class song, but this is one which all of them will sing.

We are very much indebted to two of our teachers for the writing of the school song. Mr. H. A. Miller, head of the English department, wrote the words, and Mr. Melvin Maccoul, of the music department, the music. Mrs. Chesley Martin, accompanied by Miss Patteson, kindly consented to sing it for us on December 18.

If our school song is to be a success, it must be adopted by the students. We hope you will learn it and always be ready to sing it. After everyone learns it, it will be fine to hear the whole student body singing it. And let us stand up at the Tuesday morning assemblies and sing it with some "pep," because it is our song. E. C.

LITTLE MISSILES.

Mr. Hoke—"Gas is a sort of vapor. We can neither see nor feel it."

John J.—"But, oh, boy, how we can step on it!"

Ruth rode in my new cycle car

On the seat in back of me—
I took a bump at fifty-five
And rode on Ruthlessly.

Miss Guerrant (discussing coins in civics class)—"What does the buffalo on the nickle stand for?"

Cameron Seay—"Because it's too big to sit down."

Definition of cemetery—A place that people are just dying to get to.

JAILLESS CRIMES.

Killing time.

Hanging pictures.

Stealing bases.

Choking off a speaker.

Running over a new song.

Smothering a laugh.

Murdering the English language.

Second mate (pointing to inscribed plate on deck)—"This is where our gallant captain fell."

Elderly lady visitor—"No, wonder, I nearly tripped over it myself."

Teacher: "What is a ground hog?"

Little boy: "Sausage."

Love is blind. That's why it lurks in dark corners.

Shorty—"Harvey ate something that nearly poisoned him."

Nepo—"Croquette?"

Shorty—"Not yet, but he's very ill."

She—"While you are asking papa for my hand, I'll play something peppy on the piano."

He—"I'd rather you didn't, dear.

You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear peppy music."

The sofa sagged in the center,

The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,

The parlor lights burned low.

There came a sound from the sofa

Just as the clock struck two,
And a Senior slammed her textbook

With a thankful, "Well, I'm through."

THE LATEST DEFINITIONS.

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to chop wood or sift ashes.

The flapper's definition of an old maid—Long hair and black stockings.

Bridge—A ladies' prize fight.

When doughnuts grow on cocoanut trees

And desert sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear coats and shoes,

Then Latin we'll like to study.

Mr. Hoke—"What's wrong with this match? It lit all right a few minutes ago."

"Guess I'll leave you now," said the biscuit on being pulled out of the oven.

"You'd better go now!" retorted the oven, "after the hot time we had together."

EYES.

By Frank Temple.

Eyes; we see them where'er we
go,

Hundreds of them every day.
'Tis a peculiar subject I know,
But listen a short while anyway.

I shall begin without delay,
You've seen eyes that virtually
freeze

One's blood; you listen to what I
say,

Eyes speak volumes to him who
sees.

It seems that eyes like those could
mow

An army down as machines cut
hay;

But still, there are eyes that seem
to sow

Little seeds of happiness that al-
ways stay

And hover about our thoughts
someway;

Somehow they seem to cheer and
appease—

Always keeping sorrow away;
Eyes speak volumes to him who
sees.

Prayerful eyes that tell of woe;

Tender eyes that seem to por-
tray

What other eyes wouldn't begin to
show;

Bashful eyes that ruthlessly slay.
And "tish, tish, tish, I ain't go'n'
play;"

And you've seen those eyes that
seem to say please,

Whether they're brown or blue or
grey,

Eyes speak volumes to him who
sees.

L'ENVOY

But deliver me, I earnestly pray,
From those innocent eyes that
unceasingly tease.

I'd rather play with bees in May.

Eyes speak volumes to him who
sees.

Customer—"I want to buy a re-
volver."

Clerk—"Six-shooter?"

Customer—"No, nine. I want to
kill a cat."

Miss Guerrant—"Name the
three departments in city govern-
ment."

John Dameron—"Fire depart-
ment, police department and de-
partment of public safety."

VERBS AND PROVERBS.

All is not Stacomb that glitters
—sometimes it's mother's lard.

I came, I saw, I fell.

Laugh and the world laughs
with you; weep and the maybelline
runs.

As you rip, so shall you sew.

Chill blows the wind that warms
nobody.

Uneasy lies the head that wears
a wig.

The trail of tight shoes never
did run smooth.

The better part of pallor is no
make-up.

Hunter—"Is it dangerous to
drive with one hand?"

Anne—"You bet; more than one
boy has run into the church doing
it."

Mr. Powers in study hall to
Lester who kept tilting his chair
back.

"Mr. Bowman, sit down on all
four legs."

It is easy enough to be happy
When one has beauty and youth;
But the one worth while
Is the one who can smile
Even after he's lost a front tooth.

Miss Cooper—"What is the
highest form of animal life?"

Elizabeth Carter—"A giraffe."

Female Orator (fiercely)—
"When will woman get man's
wages?"

Henpecked husband (in audi-
ence)—"She'll get mine Saturday
night."

"I rejoice that the world is filled
with sunshine."

"You're an optomist, eh?"

"No, awning manufacturer."

Mr. Pettit—"In the course of the
year each student must give a

declamation."

Bart Burgwyn—"I'll give the
Declamation of Independence."

Teacher—"How many make a
dozen?"

Class—"Twelve."

Teacher—"How many make a
million?"

Class—"Darned few."

A GAME OF CARDS.

The young man bid for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came downstairs
with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

Mr. Scott—"Where is your deci-
mal point?"

Wm. Feild—"It's still on the
chalk."

Lester—"I have one of Wash-
ington's hats."

Barbara—"That's nothing. I
have some of Adam's gum."

Bo—"Ah just heard dat dey
done found Napoleon's bones."

Rah—"Faw de land's sake! I
didn't know he was a gamblin'
man."

Mrs. Bernard—"Mary, didn't
you write up the dance last week?"

Mary—"Yes, why?"

Mrs. Bernard—"Well, listen to
this:

'Among the prettiest girls was
Jimmy Whitehurst.' Don't you

know that Jimmy is a boy?"

Mary—"Yes, but that's where he was."

Nelson—"Say, move over."

Wilmer—"Well, what do you want? The whole bed?"

Nelson—"No, I want my half of the middle."

Mr. Scott—"Mr. Cameron, what does LXXX mean?"

George—"It means love and three kisses."

BRIGHT.

"You seem a bright little boy. I suppose you have a very good place in your class."

"Oh, yes, I sit by the stove."

"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"Cause farver's invented a new soap substitute, an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement."

Mr. Stuart—"This is the third time you've looked on Miss Carter's paper."

Wilmer R.—"Yes, sir, she doesn't write very plainly."

Mr. Powers—"What part of speech is nose?"

Shorty—"None, you speak with your mouth."

Miss Lewis—"What is a note?"

Mildred S.—"A note is something drawn on a person."

Tom—"And how did you come to fall in the pond?"

Jim—"I didn't come to fall in—I came to fish."

The masses will be elevated when Henry Ford makes aeroplanes.

Jimmy—"Teacher's pet!"

Marshall R.—"You bet they do."

A thing of beauty is annoyed forever.

SCRAPS

(We have scrapped together some more "scraps" and expect you to digest them some way or other. But wait a minute! We don't mean to insinuate that any one is a goat; neither do we expect to hear of any chronic cases of indigestion. If such a case develops, you can be assured it is due to improper mastication.)

P. H. S. FOOTBALL SEASON—1924.

P. H. S., 0; Maury, 25.
 P. H. S., 12; Emporia, 0.
 P. H. S., 6; Rocky Mount, 19.
 P. H. S., 0; Newport News, 24.
 P. H. S., 0; John Marshall, 7.
 P. H. S., 7; Portsmouth, 13.
 P. H. S., 0; B. M. A., 0.
 P. H. S., 0; Lynchburg, 0.
 Total, P. H. S., 25.
 Total, opponents, 88.

The team this year was composed, with the exception of George Robinson, completely of practically new men. Judging from the improvement during this season we are confident that next year's team will be a "whang." Here are the letter men: Line—B. Smith, Ayers, N. Carter, E. Carter, Whitehurst, Broadwell, Morrison, Fisher. Backfield—Robinson (captain), Cameron, Branch, Farinholt, Field, Wells, Hinton. Stuart Shortt was manager of the team.

The School Weekly is running like a top. The new editor, Lucy Gilliam, is hitting the high spots. Keep it up, old girl, we're behind you.

The "Poet's Corner," established some time ago, has flooded us with rare bits of poetical art in the High School.

Not long ago Miss Wiggins, of the Lynchburg High School English Department, spoke to us in the assembly on the "Lynchburg High School Honor System." Do we want one, or to say it differently, do we need one? "To be, or not to be, that is the question."

The Junior Chamber of Commerce has elected its new officers and has already begun active work.

Our High School Orchestra was given the very great honor of playing for the State Teachers' Convention in Richmond, some time ago. We are proud that our orchestra was selected above all other schools of the state.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Maccoul have cooperated in writing for us that much craved school song. Mr. Maccoul's music is "plenty good" and the words, provided by Mr. Miller, hit the spot exactly.

In behalf of the Senior Class, we want to thank them for their generosity in turning the whole proposition over to the class for its own use and benefit. How's that for school spirit? Give 'em a yell, boys.

Officers for the June graduating class have been elected. Here they are: Mildred Smith, president; John Dameron, vice-president; James Rosenstock, secretary and treasurer; Ralph Diamond, historian; Florence Joyner, prophet, and Cameron Seay, statistician.

Mr. Miller was re-elected president of the English section at the Annual State Teachers' Convention in Richmond. "That's the time, boys; that's truly the time."

F. T.

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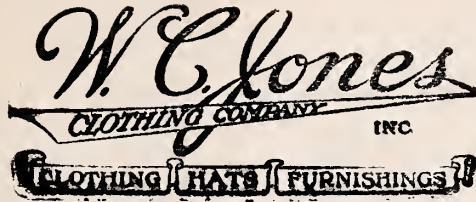
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